A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF Mr. THOMAS MITCHELL.

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W. Musgrave!

BRITISH MUSEUM

A SHORT

ACCOUNT of Mr. Thomas Mitchell.

1. I Was born in the pariſh of *Bingley*, *Yorkſhire*, Dec. 3, 1726. My Parents both died in the Faith. I lived with them ſeven years, and ſeven years more with an Uncle, who was in the ſame pariſh. When I was turned four years old, my Mother went one day to market, and left me to take care of the houſe and two younger children. She had not been gone long before I ſet the bed on fire. A neighbour ſeeing the ſmoke, and thinking the houſe was on fire, came with all ſpeed to our aſſiſtance. In a ſhort time ſhe, with ſome others, extinguiſhed the fire. Had it not been for this providential aſſiſtance, we might all have been burnt to death, for we had not ſenſe to get out of the way.——From five years old I had ſtrong convictions at times, and put up many prayers for mercy. And though I had no one to teach me, yet I had the fear of God in my heart. If I was overtaken in any ſin, I was much troubled, till I had ſaid my prayers, which I thought would make all up.

2. At fourteen, I was bound 'prentice to a Maſon. While I lived with my Maſter, I had little concern for my ſoul. But a few years after, at the time of the Rebellion, I enliſted among the Yorkſhire Blues. I continued with them about a year. There was one man among us, who had the fear of God before his eyes. He gave me good advice, which one time, in particular, took great affect upon me and my comrade. We both of us were under deep convictions, but knew not what to do to be ſaved. I began to fear death exceedingly, knowing I was not fit to die. Theſe words followed me continually; *Curſed is every one that continueth not in all things, written in the book of the law to do them.* I thought I muſt fulfil it; but I thought I grew worſe and worſe, till my load was many times heavier than I could bear.

3. In the year 1746, the Rebellion being over, we were diſcharged. I then ſought for a people that feared God, and ſoon joined the Methodiſts. I heard *John Nelſon* ſeveral times, and began to have ſome hope of finding mercy: ſome time after I went to hear Mr. *Grimſhaw*, and was convinced that we are to be ſaved by faith: yea, that the very worſt of ſinners might be ſaved, by faith in Jeſus Chriſt. Soon after, I heard Mr. *Charles Weſley* preach from theſe words, *I am determined not to know any thing among you, ſave Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified.* He ſhewed clearly, that Chriſt is able and willing to ſave the greateſt ſinners. I

was much refreſhed under the ſermon, and much more ſo, in ſinging theſe words:

Whither ſhould a ſinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand openéd wide:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucifiéd.

4. But when he told us, we might know our ſins forgiven in this life; yea, this very moment, it ſeemed to me new doctrine, and I could not believe it at all. But I continued in prayer; and in a few days, I was convinced of it to my great joy. The love of Chriſt broke into my ſoul, and drove away all guilt and fear: and at the ſame time he filled my heart with love both to God and man. I ſaw that God was my ſalvation, and could truſt him, and praiſe him with joyful lips. I could ſing with all my heart,

O what ſhall I do, My Saviour to praiſe?
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace?
So ſtrong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakeſt believer That hangs upon him?

5. Soon after this, Mr. *John Weſley* came to *Bradforth*, and preached on, *This one thing I do*. He joined ſeveral of us together in a claſs, which met about a mile from the town. But all of them fell back and left me alone; yet afterward ſome of them returned. Before this, I thought my hill was

ſo ſtrong, that I could never be moved. But ſeeing ſo many fall into ſin, I began to feel an evil heart of unbelief, and was fully convinced, that there muſt be a farther change in my heart, before I could be eſtabliſhed in grace. Afterward I removed to *Kighley*, and had many opportunies of hearing, and profiting by Mr. *Grimſhaw*. But feeling my corruptions, with ſtrong temptations, I fell into great doubtings. I was almoſt in deſpair. I could ſcarce pray at all, and was tempted to murder myſelf. One day, as I was going to hear Mr. *Grimſhaw*, and going over a bridge, I was ſtrongly tempted to leap into the river; but the Lord had mercy upon me, and delivered me from this temptation. Yet ſtill, I had many fears. I was in this ſtate near half a year, finding no comfort in any thing. But one evening, one of our friends prayed in the Society, and my ſoul was ſet at liberty. All my doubts fled away, and faith and love once more ſprung up in my heart. I afterward ſaw, that God had a farther end in theſe trials and deliverances.

6. Not long after this, I felt a great deſire to tell others what God had done for my ſoul. I wanted my fellow creatures to turn to the Lord, but ſaw myſelf utterly unfit to ſpeak for him. I ſaw the neighbourhood, in which I lived, abounding with all manner of wickedneſs. And no man caring for their ſouls, or warning them to flee from the wrath to come. I began to reprove ſin wherever I was, though many hated me for ſo doing. I did not regard that; for God gave

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me an invincible courage. But ſtill I did not ſee clearly, Whether I was called to ſpeak in public, or no. After many reaſonings in my mind, I ventured to give notice of a meeting. When the time came, my ſoul was bowed down within me; my bones ſhaked, and one knee ſmote againſt the other. I had many to hear me: ſome of them heard with pain, as my gifts were very ſmall, and adviſed me to ſpeak no more in public. But one young woman was convinced of her loſt condition, and never reſted till ſhe found redemption.

7. But this did not ſatisfy my friends. So, as they were not willing to receive me, I went to thoſe that would; and God began to bleſs my weak endeavours. Yet I was not ſatisfied myſelf. For ſeveral weeks I had great trouble in my mind. I thought no man's caſe was like mine. Sometimes I wiſhed, I had never been born. Moſt of my friends were againſt me. I was full of fears within, and had a perſecuting world without. But all this time my heart was drawn out in prayer, that God would ſhew me the way wherein I ſhould go. Being now employed at Sir *Walter Coverley's*, in the pariſh of *Guiſeley*, I met with a few ſerious people at *Yeadon*. They were juſt ſetting out in the ways of God, and deſired me to give a word of exhortation among them. I did ſo a few times, and God was pleaſed to bleſs it to their ſouls. The little Society increaſed, and they all dearly loved one another. But Satan was not idle. Every time we met, a riotous mob gathered round the houſe, and diſturbed us much.

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8. One evening, while *William Darney* was preaching, the Curate of *Guiſeley* came at the head of a large mob, who threw eggs in his face, pulled him down, dragged him out of the houſe on the ground, and ſtamped upon him. The Curate himſelf then thought it was enough, and bade them let him alone, and go their way. Sometime after, *Jonathan Maſkew* came. As ſoon as he began to ſpeak, the ſame mob came, pulled him down, and dragged him out of the houſe. They then tore off his clothes, and dragged him along upon his naked back, over the gravel and pavement. When they thought they had ſufficiently bruiſed him, they let him go, and went away. With much difficulty he crept to a friend's houſe, where they dreſſed his wounds, and got him ſome clothes. It was my turn to go next. No ſooner was I at the town, than the mob came, like ſo many roaring lions. My friends adviſed me not to preach that night; and undertook to carry me out of the town. But the mob followed me in a great rage, and ſtoned me for near two miles, ſo that it was ſeveral weeks before I got well of the bruiſes I then received.

9. About this time a Carpenter was ſwearing horribly, whom I calmly reproved. He immediately flew in a violent paſſion, and having an axe in his hand, lifted it up, and ſwore he would cleave my head in a moment. But juſt as he was going to ſtrike, a man that ſtood by, ſnatched hold of his arm, and held him, till his paſſion cooled. At firſt, I felt a little fear, but it ſoon vaniſhed away.

10. While I was working at Sir *Walter's*, some one informed him, that I was a Methodiſt. He was much diſpleaſed, ſaying, "I like him for a workman; but I hate his Religion." This was chiefly owing to his Steward, whom I had often reproved for ſwearing. He mortally hated me on that account. But in a little time he was taken ill. Perceiving himſelf worſe, he ſent a meſſage to *me*, earneſtly deſiring, I would come and pray with him. I went, and found him in an agony of conviction, crying aloud for mercy. I ſhewed him where mercy was to be found, and then went to prayer with him. While I was praying, his heart ſeemed broken, and he was bathed in tears. He owned, he had been a grievous ſinner; but he cried to God with his laſt breath, and I believe, not in vain.

11. I ſtayed ſome time after in theſe parts, and was fully employed. All the day I wrought diligently at my buſineſs; in the evenings I called ſinners to repentance. And now the mobs were not ſo furious, ſo that we had no conſiderable interruption. In the mean time, I waited to ſee, whether the Lord had any thing for me to do? I made it matter of continual prayer, that he would make my way plain before me. And in a little while, I had much more of the beſt work upon my hands. I was deſired to give an exhortation at a village, called *Hartwith*. I went thither ſeveral times. Several here were deeply convinced of ſin: and two or three ſoon found redemption in the

blood

blood of Jeſus, the forgiveneſs of ſins. Afterwards I was invited to *Thirſk*. Here I found a few hungry ſouls. But they were as ſheep without a ſhepherd, ſeldom hearing any thing like the goſpel. I ſpent two nights among them. The ſerious people were much refreſhed: ſome were awakened and ſaw their danger, and cried out for mercy.

12. After this I went to *Stockton*, where I found a lively people, who had been in ſociety for ſome time. I preached ſeveral times among them with great liberty of ſoul, and freedom of ſpeech; and to all appearance the word had much effect on the hearers. Here I met with Mr. *Larwood*, who behaved very kindly to me, and told me he hoped I ſhould be very uſeful if I kept humble. He then ſent me before him to *York* and *Leeds*, where I preached and gave notice of his coming. From *Leeds* I went to *Birſtal*. It happened to be their preaching night. *John Nelſon* was ſick in bed, ſo the people deſired me to preach or give them a word of exhortation. Accordingly I preached in the beſt manner I could, and the people ſeemed well ſatisfied. The next day I went to *High-Town*, and preached to a large congregation in the evening. I had much liberty in ſpeaking, and found a great bleſſing to my own ſoul; and I have reaſon to believe that the people were well ſatisfied.

13. From *Birſtal* I went to *Heptonſtol*. Here I met with a lively people who received me very kindly. I gave ſeveral exhortations among them, and the word went with power to many hearts.

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Among others, a very tall man, who was a Butcher, was cut to the heart. But it had a very bad effect upon him for the preſent. For he went home and beat his Wife in a moſt terrible manner, becauſe he thought ſhe had told me of all his ſinful ways. But afterwards he was convinced and converted. I continued ſome time in theſe parts, and went to ſeveral places in *Lancaſhire*. Here alſo I found many were awakened, and ſeveral found peace with God, while I was among them. I endeavoured to form a regular Circuit in theſe parts, and in a little time gained my point.

14. I continued here ſome time, and have reaſon to hope that I was uſeful among them. In one place I met with a mob of women, who put me into a pond of water, which took me nearly over my head. But by the bleſſing of God, I got out ſafe, and walked about three miles in my wet clothes, but I catched no cold. I continued ſome time in theſe parts, encouraged by the example and advice of good Mr. *Grimſhaw*.

15. One time *Paul Greenwood* and I called at his houſe together, and he gave us a very warm exhortation, which I ſhall not ſoon forget. He ſaid, "If you are ſent of God to preach the goſpel, all hell will be up in arms againſt you. Prepare for the battle, and ſtand faſt in the good ways of God. Indeed you muſt not expect to gain much of this world's goods by preaching the goſpel. What you get muſt come through the devil's teeth; and he will hold it as faſt as he can. I count every covetous

tous man, to be one of the devil's teeth. And he will let nothing go, for God, and his cauſe but what is forced from him."

16. In the year 1751, I was ſtationed in *Lincolnſhire*. I found a ſerious people and an open door; but there were many adverſaries. This was far the moſt trying year which I had ever known. But in every temptation God made a way to eſcape, that I might be able to bear it.

On Sunday, Auguſt the 7th, I came to *Rangdale*, very early in the morning. I preached, as uſual, at five. About ſix, two Conſtables came, at the head of a large mob. They violently broke in upon the people, ſeized upon me, pulled me down, and took me to a public-houſe, where they kept me till four in the afternoon. Then one of the Conſtables ſeemed to relent, and ſaid, "I will go to the Miniſter, and enquire of him, Whether we may not now let the poor man go?" When he came back, he ſaid, "They were not to let him go yet." So he took me out to the mob, who preſently hurried me away, and threw me into a pool of ſtanding water. It took me up to the neck. Several times I ſtrove to get out, but they pitched me in again. They told me I muſt go through it ſeven times. I did ſo, and then they let me come out. When I had got upon dry ground, a man ſtood ready with a pot full of white paint. He painted me all over from head to foot; and then they carried me into a public-houſe again. Here I was kept, till they had put five more of our friends into the water. Then they

they came and took me out again, and carried me to a great pond, which was railed in on every ſide, being ten or twelve feet deep. Here, four men took me by my legs and arms, and ſwung me backward and forward. For a moment I felt the fleſh ſhrink; but it was quickly gone. I gave myſelf up to the Lord, and was content his will ſhould be done. They ſwung me two or three times, and then threw me as far as they could into the water. The fall and the water ſoon took away my ſenſes, ſo that I felt nothing more. But ſome of them were not willing to have me drowned. So they watched till I came above water, and then catching hold of my clothes with a long pole, made ſhift to drag me out.

17. I lay ſenſeleſs for ſome time. When I came to myſelf, I ſaw only two men ſtanding by me. One of them helped me up, and deſired me to go with him. He brought me to a little houſe, where they quickly put me to bed. But I had not lain long, before the mob came again, pulled me out of bed, carried me into the ſtreet, and ſwore they would take away one of my limbs, if I would not promiſe, to come there no more. I told them, "I can promiſe no ſuch thing." But the man that had hold of me, promiſed for me, and took me back into the houſe, and put me to bed again.

Some of the mob then went to the Miniſter again, to know what they muſt do with me? He told them, "You muſt take him out of the pariſh."

So they came, and took me out of bed a ſecond time. But I had no clothes to put on; my own being wet, and alſo covered with paint. But they put an old coat about me, took me about a mile, and ſet me upon a little hill. They then ſhouted three times, "God ſave the King, and the Devil take the Preacher!"

18. Here they left me pennyleſs and friendleſs; for no one durſt come near me. And my ſtrength was nearly gone; ſo that I had much ado to walk, or even to ſtand. But from the beginning to the end, my mind was in perfect peace. I found no anger or reſentment, but could heartily pray for my perſecutors. But I knew not what to do, or where to go. Indeed one of our friends lived three or four miles off. But I was ſo weak and ill, that it did not ſeem poſſible for me to get ſo far. However, I truſted in God, and ſet out: and at length I got to the houſe. The family did every thing for me that was in their power: they got me clothes, and whatever elſe was needful. I reſted four days with them, in which time my ſtrength was tolerably reſtored. Then I went into the Circuit, where I met with more perſecution. As I was preaching in a certain village in the *Fen*, the Mob came into the houſe, and broke through the Congregation, in order to pull me down; but the good Woman of the houſe took me into the parlour, and ſtood in the door with a great kitchen-poker in her hand, and told the Mob, the firſt man that came near the door, ſhe would knock him down.

down. As ſhe was very big with child, and near the time of her travail, this, with the ſight of the great poker, kept them off, ſo that they could not get at me. However, they ſtayed ſome time, and then left the houſe without doing much harm. After they were gone, I gave an Exhortation, went to prayer, and then we went to bed in peace. In the midſt of this perſecution, many were brought to the ſaving knowledge of God. And as the ſufferings of Chriſt abounded, ſo our conſolations by Chriſt abounded alſo. As to the lions at *Regandale*, an Appeal to the Court of King's-Bench, made both them and the Miniſter quiet as lambs.

19. Coming in December into *Lancaſhire*, I found trials of quite another kind. The poor people were in the utmoſt confuſion, like a flock of frightened ſheep. *John Bennet*, who before loved and reverenced Mr. *Weſley* for his work's ſake, ſince he got into his new Opinions, hated him cordially, and laboured to ſet all the people againſt him. He told them in the open congregation, that Mr. *Weſley* was a Pope, and that he preached nothing but popery. December the 30th, I met him at *Bolton*. I deſired him to preach; but he would not. So I got up and ſpoke as well as I could, though with a heavy heart. After I had done, he met the Society, and ſaid many bitter things of Mr. *Weſley*. He then ſpread out his hands, and cried, "Popery, Popery! I will not be in connexion with him any more." I could not help telling him, "The ſpirit in which you now

ſpeak, is not of God. Neither are you fit for the pulpit, while you are of ſuch a ſpirit." While I was ſpeaking, a woman that ſtood by me ſtruck me in the face with all her might. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar. So I thought it beſt to retire. Afterward, I believed it was my duty to expoſtulate with him. But it did not avail; it ſeemed to me that all love was departed from him. His mind was wholly ſet againſt Mr. *Weſley*, and againſt the whole Methodiſt Doctrine and Diſcipline. And he had infuſed his own ſpirit into the people in many places: ſo that I had hard work among them. But the Lord kept *my* ſoul in peace and love. Glory be unto his holy name!

20. In May 1752, I came to *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*, where, after all the ſtorms I had gone through, I was greatly refreſhed among a loving, peaceable people, with whom I laboured with much ſatisfaction. And it pleaſed the Lord to proſper my labours in *Berwick-upon-Tweed*, *Gateſhead-Fell*, and many other places, where many ſinners were both convinced and converted to God. One time, while I was at *Berwick*, a poor woman came to the houſe where I was, with a heavy child on her back: ſhe had come from *Ireland*, and was going into *Scotland*. The woman of the houſe aſked her to come in, and gave her ſome tea: ſhe ſeemed to be very poor, and wanted help. But as I had only nine-pence, and had thirty miles to ride the next day, I thought I could not ſpare her any thing. But after ſhe had got the child again

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on her back, and was ſetting off, my heart pitied her; ſo I gave her ſixpence out of my little ſtock: and had three-pence left. But I truſted in God's Providence, and knew that he would provide for me. After preaching the next morning, a poor ſoldier put two ſhillings into my hand! So God rewarded me four-fold. I could not help praiſing him for this inſtance of his goodneſs to me.

21. On May 8, 1753, I came with Mr. *Weſley* from *Newcaſtle* to *York*. On the 12th, he preached to a large congregation; and the next morning from *Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.* I never ſaw a congregation ſo affected. Moſt of the people were in tears, ſome for joy, and ſome from a ſenſe of their ſins. He had deſigned to go on to *Lincolnſhire*. But through the importunity of the people, he conſented to ſtay a little at *York*, and deſired *me* to go in his place.

22. From the following Conference, (at which fourteen Preachers were preſent, beſide Mr. *Weſley* and his Brother,) I went into *Wiltſhire*, where Mr. *Pearce*, of *Bradford*, was as a father to me. While I was in this Circuit, I went to ſee a young man, (Mr. *Thomas Olivers*,) who had given an Exhortation at times among the people. I found him working hard for his bread. He ſeemed to me to have much ſenſe, and to be very ſincere. I wrote to Mr. *Weſley*, and told him that I, and many more, thought he might be very uſeful. Mr. *Weſley* deſired he might go with me into *Cornwall*. So we went together, and I believe the Lord made us a bleſſing to that people:

many were convinced and converted, and my friend grew very much in knowledge, and I hope, in the fear of the Lord. He has been a very uſeful man in the church of God, and one who has gone through many trials: the Lord help both him and me to fight the good fight of Faith, and to lay hold on eternal life! Here I formed a firm reſolution of cleaving more cloſely to God than ever I had done before. I longed to be wholly freed from the enemies which I carried in my own boſom, I ſaw no other could poſſibly hurt me, if I could but conquer *them*. I read the Bible and prayed much, and found many bleſſings from the Lord. And I found, in particular, an entire diſengagement from all earthly things. My ſoul was even as a weaned child. I was willing to be any thing or nothing. I had no deſire for any thing in this world, but to live unto the glory of God. O how eaſy does it make every thing, when we can give up all for Chriſt!

23. After I had ſpent ſome time in *Devonſhire* and *Cornwall*, I was ſent for up to *London*. Here I had a fever for ſome time. When I was pretty well recovered, Mr. *Weſley* deſired me to go down to *Norwich*. I was not well upon the road; but was abundantly worſe when I came thither. But following the advice of a ſkilful man, I was, in awhile reſtored to health and ſtrength. Here I found much comfort among a poor, but loving people. I was in this Circuit (putting the firſt and the ſecond time together) about four years. But

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in the latter part of this time, I had many trials from *J. Wheatly's* people. Mr. *Wesley* had been prevailed upon to take the Tabernacle, and to receive *W.'s* people under his care. *Wheatly* used to call them "my dear Lambs," but such lion-like lambs did I never see. Discipline they knew nothing of: every one would do what was right in his own eyes. And our Doctrine was an abomination to them. Great part of them were grounded in Antinomianism. The very sound of *Perfection* they abhorred; they could hardly bear the word *Holiness*. Nothing was pleasing to them, but "Faith, Faith;" without a word either of its inward or outward fruits.

24. Between the first and second time of my being at *Norwich*, I spent some time in *Sussex*. The first place that I preached at was *Rye*, where no Methodist had ever preached before. Yet there was no opposition, but they received the word with joy and readiness of mind. And many soon felt the burden of their sins, several of whom quickly found peace with God. Most of these very willingly joined together in a little Society: some of whom are lodged in Abraham's bosom; and others still remain walking in the way to Sion.

25. Hence I went to several country places. But they were not all so peaceable as at *Rye*. At the desire of a serious man I went to *Hawkhurst*; he had requested me to preach at his house. About six in the evening I began. But I had not spoke many words, before a numerous mob broke in, pulled me down from the place where I stood, and

and forced me out of the houſe. Then they ſtruck up my heels, and dragged me upon my back about half a mile, to a public houſe called *Highgate*, where I found many Gentlemen, with the Miniſter of the pariſh. They aſked, by what authority do you preach? I anſwered, "By the authority of King *George*," and ſhewed them my Licenſe. They ſpoke a little together, and ſaid, "You may go about your buſineſs." But obſerving the houſe was filled with a drunken mob, I ſaid, "Gentlemen, I will not go, unleſs I have a Conſtable to guard me." They immediately ſent for a Conſtable, who guarded me to the houſe from whence I came. But as it was winter time, and the road very dirty, I was in a poor condition: being a good deal bruiſed, and all my clothes plaiſtered over with dirt. However, after I had got ſome dry clothes, and taken a little refreſhment, I prayed with the family, and then God gave me quiet and refreſhing ſleep. When I came to *London*, I applied to a Lawyer, who ſent down Writs for five of the Ringleaders. But they quickly came to an agreement. They readily paid all the charges. And here ended our perſecution in *Suſſex*. I found a thankful heart for a good King, good laws, and liberty of conſcience. And about this time I had much of the preſence of the Lord; he was good to me, both as to my body and ſoul. I prayed much, and the Lord heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. From *Suſſex*, I went to *Norwich* the ſecond time, and here found a young woman that I thought would make me a good wife. In October 1760, we were married. I bleſs

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the Lord for her, ſhe is one of the moſt ſuitable wives for me, that I could have found in all the world.

26. In Auguſt 1778, I was ſtationed in *Staffordſhire*, where I ſpent two years with much ſatisfaction. The latter year I had many trials, both outward and inward. The work of the Lord did not ſeem to go forward among the people in ſome places; but at others, it proſpered much, while love and peace prevailed among us; which gave me encouragement. I found ſome refreſhings in my own ſoul at times, and I could truſt the Lord in every trial. His promiſes were a means to keep me from being weary and faint in my mind. And by his bleſſing I got through all, and ſaw that every trial works for good. The words of the Apoſtle were of great uſe to me: *My ſon, deſpiſe not thou the chaſtening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chaſteneth, and ſcourgeth every ſon whom he receiveth.* Lord help me to ſee thy good hand in all my trials, that they may be a means of making me more holy in all manner of converſation!

In July 1780, I ſet out for *Briſtol*, and in my way, met with ſeveral of our brethren, ſome of whom I had not ſeen for many years. It rejoiced my heart to find them ſtill in the way of the Lord, after all their trials; and that they were ſtill deſirous to preach the Goſpel of Chriſt. Our journey was attended with much peace and love; and we rejoiced

joiced that the Lord had helped us thus far. At this Conference I was ordered to go to *Canterbury*; and on Auguſt 20, I got ſafe there: my wife and children having arrived one day before me. I was very thankful to the Lord for his goodneſs in bringing them ſafe to this place. I had not been here long before I found that true Religion had loſt ground. When I left them, two and twenty years ago, they were a loving, lively people. But they fell out by the way, and loſt their love one for another. I was much troubled to ſee them ſo cold and careleſs in the cauſe of God. This, with my own infirmities, brought me into much trouble of mind. But I gave myſelf up to prayer, and begged of the Lord that he would deliver *me*, from whatever hindered his work, *in my own ſoul*; and that he would do it in his own way. About the middle of October laſt, he laid his afflicting hand upon me. I had a Fever, attended with an Ague. This continued half a year. I was under the care of an Apothecary, in *Canterbury*. He did all he could to remove my diſorder, but without effect. From *Canterbury* I removed to *Dover*, thinking the change of air would help me; but I ſtill continued as bad as ever. While I was here, Mr. *Boardman*, one of our Preachers, came to ſee me, and by Mr. *Weſley's*, and his deſire, I came to *London*. After I arrived, my diſorder grew worſe and worſe, almoſt every day. On April the 6th, I was ſo ill that all about me thought I was dying. Doctor *Lettſom* attended me very conſtantly, without fee or reward.

reward. He was of great ſervice to me. For through the means he made uſe of, the Fever was ſoon removed.

When I was firſt taken ill, the Lord removed all uneaſineſs from my mind. I received great comfort in my ſoul, and could rejoice in the God of my ſalvation. Indeed a ſenſe of his goodneſs continued with me in all my afflictions, which was a cauſe of ſuch chearfulneſs, as I had ſcarce known for twenty years before. I could frequently ſing,

How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How eaſy to forgive!
The helpleſs thou delights to raiſe,
And by thy love I live.

I now look back on the labour of three and thirty years, and I do not repent of it. I am not grown weary, either of my Maſter, or the work I am engaged in. Though I am weak in body, and in the decline of life, my heart is ſtill engaged in the cauſe of God. I am never more happy than when I feel the love of Chriſt in my heart, and am declaring his praiſe to others. There is nothing like the love of Chriſt in the heart, to make us holy and happy. It is love alone that expels all ſin out of the heart. Wherever love is wanting, there is hell: and where love fills the heart there is heaven. This has been a medicine to me ever ſince I ſet out. When I was low, it was this that raiſed

raiſed me up. When ſin and Satan beſet me on every ſide, it was this that drove them away.

O love, how chearing is thy ray?
All pain before thy preſence flies:
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams ariſe,
O Jeſus, nothing may I ſee,
Nothing hear, feel, or think but thee.

Unwearied may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire;
Hourly within my breaſt renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care,
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

In ſuffering be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my power:
And, when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me who for me haſt died.

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